

My Crown 811

Chapter 811: Mystic-Returning Medicinal Solution

They did their best to stand by supporting each other up by the arm. However, their mental exhaustion had already been stretched to the breaking point.

Perhaps, only a poke was all that was needed for them to instantly collapse to the ground in fatigue.

Qiao Mu curved her lips as she swept her gaze over them. "You are all awesome! Very manly enough. Whether or not Beilan City can maintain its defense, I'll be leaving it to you all."

"Crown Prince Consort, I'm not a man. But I'm also able to move!" A hoarse female voice came from the back of the crowd.

That was a woman with a very thin stature, and she looked to be about 25 to 26 years old. Even though she was panting in fatigue, her eyes shone particularly brightly.

Qiao Mu raised her eyebrow. "Of course, we females don't lose out to any man."

While laughing out loud, the woman brusquely kicked the man beside her. "Do you see, the crown prince consort is praising me."

"Aiyo, you biddy, still wanting to compete with me even now." The man speechlessly shook his head.

Qiaoqiao turned to look at Mo Lian, and the latter's eyes brightened. He quickly walked to her and asked smilingly, "What do you need me to do? Qiaoqiao."

Qiao Mu raised her hand, taking out a jar of medicinal solution from her inner world and tossing it to the mystic cultivators. "All of you take a swig. It can help you replenish your mystic energy as soon as possible."

Mystic cultivators recovered their mystic energy abnormally slowly, and it was especially even more difficult to recover after it had been exhausted, to the extent that it would also damage one's mystic meridians.

That's why in her free time, she had always been silently researching mystic-returning medicinal solutions.

This jar could only be considered a semi-finished product. According to her speculation, it was still missing two key medicinal materials for completion. Nevertheless, this semi-finished product was already quite effective toward recovering mystic energy, and drinking it would not incur any side effects.

"After you've taken a swig, I need you all to do this." Qiao Mu beckoned toward the crowd, and the hundred mystic cultivators quickly gathered over noisily.

After Qiao Mu explained her plan, the people all nodded and then looked toward the jar.

Since there wasn't much medicinal solution in that jar, everyone conscientiously took only one gulp.

They knew the quality of the medicinal solution the instant it entered their mouths, and with this gulp, the nearly exhausted mystic energy in their bodies started to surge forth again.

At this time, excitement showed on all of their faces, and they all looked enthusiastically at the crown prince consort.

The speed at which their mystic energy recovered was more than 10 times faster than before!

Qiao Mu had naturally also observed that the mystic-returning medicinal solution's effects were excellent. It was only unfortunate that she didn't have much of this semi-finished medicinal solution, only two jars in total.

She took out another jar and handed it to that female mystic cultivator. "This is for you all to use after going through with the plan. Right now, I need you to muster all your strength and follow me!"

"Yes!" The people spiritedly took large strides as their voices shook the city gate tower.

Qiao Mu also walked up and tugged Mo Lian's hand, after which she called, "Big Cyan."

The two people flew up into the air, landing on Qingluan's back.

Upon hearing a shrill cry, everyone looked up and saw a cyan-blue ancient heavenly bird zip out of the city gate tower while carrying the crown prince and crown prince consort on its back. It spread out its resplendent wings, leaving behind a cyan light in the sky.

"Everyone, don't just stand there, charge!" A mystic cultivator shouted while brandishing his arms, and everyone also braced themselves as they charged to the edge of the city wall with him.

The hundred mystic cultivators level-five and above simultaneously mustered up the mystic energy in their bodies before abruptly blasting it towards the ground.

Bam! Bam! Bam! Consequently, the ground let out a series of thundering booms.

After the mystic cultivators on top of the city gate tower blasted more than a hundred zombies at the foot of the city wall into smithereens, a line of densely packed craters subsequently appeared.

Chapter 812: Battle of Beilan City (1)

While releasing a cry, Qingluan abruptly swooped down from the sky before halting in mid-air, seven to eight meters away from the ground.

When the horde of dim-witted zombies down below detected a disturbance above their heads, they each raised their bloated and rotting heads as they stretched their withered branch-like arms, roaring and clawing at the Qingluan in mid-air.

Unfortunately, how was it possible for them to reach Qingluan?

While standing on top of Qingluan, Qiao Mu looked down on this horde of zombies before exchanging a glance with the crown prince beside her.

The crown prince nodded, and with a flip of his hand, he took out two barrels of kerosene from his inner world before handing one over to Qiao Mu.

Subsequently, the two people started to pour kerosene into that line of densely packed pits with a splash.

Once they emptied out the barrels, they respectively hurled them at a zombie, accurately splitting open two zombies' skulls.

On the other hand, City Lord Lin was leading a group of people to carry out rush repairs on the hole in the city gate. Around a dozen body cultivators in thick armor had formed the vanguard of the group, continuously brandishing their broadswords as they chopped the limbs and heads, as if they were melons and vegetables, of the zombies scuttling out of the hole.

At the most heated moment of the city gate battle, this young, savage couple initiated a grand performance that roused the spirits of the entire populace.

A thread of purple flame overflowed from Mo Lian's fingertip and abruptly darted into one of the pits in the ground.

The flame ignited and blew up the moment it came into contact with the kerosene, and under Mo Lian's control over the fire, a line of flames violently combusted and raged out of the ground.

In a split second, a wall of enchanting purple fire the height of a person successfully cut off the zombie horde's path.

Although the zombies' bodies had mutated so that they couldn't feel pain, they were still made of flesh, after all. Hence, the wall of purple fire had established a line of defense in front of the city gate, successfully making them shrink back at the sight.

Furthermore, the fire was all fueled by the kerosene, so it didn't use up much of Mo Lian's spiritual energy.

His little lady truly was clever to have come up with this plan.

This was much quicker and a much more powerful counterattack than if he had directly consumed a large amount of fire spiritual energy to deal with the more than ten thousand zombies.

The purple flame directly incinerated more than a hundred zombies standing in front of the wall of fire that couldn't evade in time into scattered ashes.

The mystic cultivators on top of the city gate tower erupted into impassioned cheers.

This lasting solution indeed could cut off the zombie army for a period of time.

The zombies needed to pass through the wall of fire in order to reach the city wall, but how could they survive the purple flames?

Mo Lian stroked the little lady's fuzzy head as a smile crossed his lips.

City Lord Lin had also witnessed the entire process through the hole in the city gate, and he promptly yelled while his hands trembled in excitement, "Everyone, hurry!! Take advantage of this lull to clear out and dispose of the zombies, and then we'll repair the city gate. Hang in there! Commander Hui and Marquis Zhao will soon come to rescue us!!"

A burst of shouts that sent one's blood boiling erupted from within the city gate, and everyone put in an extra effort, hacking down the zombies scuttling into the city while also swiftly patching up the hole.

RUMBLE!

At the same time, Zhao Sheng, leading several thousand elite cavalry donned in armor, had arrived one step ahead of Hui Feng!

When the people on top of the city gate tower sighted the elite soldiers' arrival, they erupted into even louder shouts. After finishing off the second jar of mystic-returning medicinal solution, the mystic cultivators started mustering up their strength again for the second round of the pummeling-ground operation.

This was so that after the first wall of fire extinguished, they could fill in a second wall of fire in time.

But from the looks of it now, it was probably not needed.

Zhao Sheng, galloping at the forefront while in armor, led his elite soldiers to start cleaning up the large number of zombies from the rear.

Chapter 813: Battle of Beilan City (2)

The horses' flying hooves soon kicked up a rampant dust storm.

The Marquis of Stability, Zhao Sheng, as well as his two sons were valiant and skillful in battle. After dividing their forces, the 3000 elite troops burst through the zombie army's defenses with an unstoppable force. They directly stabbed into the enemy's rear like a sharp blade and started eliminating the zombies on a large scale.

Zhao Sheng had already caught a distant glimpse of His Highness the Crown Prince standing on top of Qingluan. Seeing that the crown prince was still composed and unharmed, he naturally sighed in relief, and he slaughtered the zombies with his machete with even greater gusto.

"Your Highness!"

"Uncle, the crown prince consort and I are both alright."

"Good, good!" Using his hand, Zhao Sheng signaled for the 3000 elite troops to split up into 10 groups so that they could clean up the nearby zombies in batches.

At this time, Hui Feng and He Tian had also arrived simultaneously with 2000 royal guards. After cupping their hands at Crown Prince Mo from far away, they also led their soldiers into the fray and slaughtered their way deep into the zombie horde.

The entire Beilan City promptly cheered, and everyone worked together enthusiastically both within and without the city to kill the zombies.

They shot down the zombies that were originally scaling the city gate with a zombie pyramid with the cannons, as well as blasted arrows through the remaining zombies' skulls.

Meanwhile, the zombies in between the wall of fire and the city gate were also all eliminated.

After running up the city gate tower, Lin Yongyi felt his scalp tingling when he saw the zombies' bodies piled up like a mountain within the wall of fire.

If the zombies' bodies were piled up any higher, then the other zombies could have scaled the city gate just by climbing up that bloody zombie mountain.

From the looks of it now, after this battle was over, he had to continue reinforcing and increasing the height of this Beilan City Gate!

After making preliminary plans for the city's defense constructions in his mind, City Lord Lin suppressed his worries to the bottom of his heart. He climbed up high and shouted while raising his arm, "Come, all the mystic cultivators give one more push together! To clear the path for our brothers' advance!"

"Bombardiers and archers at the ready!"

"For Beilan City!"

"For Beilan City!" Everyone on top of the city gate tower who were still clinging on to their last breath all bellowed.

The mystic cultivators carried out the last wave of attacks, discharging criss-crossing mystic energy at the most densely packed part of the zombie horde below.

The bombardiers and archers were also on their final round, depleting all the ammunition and arrows.

Eventually, the mystic cultivators collapsed to the ground, unable to lift a finger anymore.

Below the city gate tower came the sound of 5000 cavalry sweeping across the battlefield, as well as the neighs of their warhorses.

After the common foot soldiers wiped their faces that were dripping in sweat, they sprawled pell-mell onto the city wall to observe the battle and cheered hoarsely.

Wenren Ningjing was also shocked by this scene.

Under these kinds of hot-blooded circumstances, her earlier indignation had long been completely thrown out of her mind.

She turned to the two Celestial Medicine Valley physicians who were looking on unconcerned, saying, "What are you still rooted there for, help with the rescue."

"Miss Jing!" The two physicians were both taken by surprise.

They had clearly fallen out with the crown prince consort earlier, so why did Celestial Medicine Valley still have to help save Beilan City's soldiers and civilians?

"Curing the sick and rescuing the injured is a physician's duty." Wenren Ningjing had already rolled up her sleeves and helped up a bloodied common soldier, starting her treatment.

Although Kong Roumiao still felt miffed in her heart, as Wenren Ningjing's brainless fan, she was used to following Wenren Ningjing's orders. Thus, she was the first to run up, helping Wenren Ningjing administer acupuncture to and feed medicine to the patient.

Those two physicians still wanted to dispute, but after Wenren Ningjing cast a cold gaze at them, they stifled their innermost thoughts and went to rescue people with taut expressions.

However, since they still felt somewhat unwilling in their hearts, they didn't control their strength while handling the injured.

Chapter 814: The Heart of a Doctor

It was only when Wenren Ningjing cast them a sidelong glance with knitted brows did the two handle the injured more carefully.

While helping out on the side, Kong Roumiao couldn't resist commenting, "Xiao Jing, why do we have to help her when that crown prince consort is so arrogant?"

"Are we helping her?" As she pursed her lips, Wenren Ningjing deftly cleansed the soldier's wound and wrapped his arm with gauze. "This is a doctor's instinct. No matter how huge our enmity is with that arrogant and imperious crown prince consort, this has nothing at all to do with a doctor's duty. Official matters are separate from private ones, so we are only rescuing people."

"Oh." Kong Roumiao flattened her lips as she handed a pair of scissors to Wenren Ningjing.

After cutting off the extra gauze, Wenren Ningjing told the soldier, "You can't let your wound come into contact with water for these two days. Rest well, and you'll recover."

"T-Thank you very much, Physician." The young soldier was so bashful that he stuttered.

Wenren Ningjing gave a nod before standing up. Upon turning around, she saw Little Sixth Zheng walking over, and she couldn't help but be a bit embarrassed.

Earlier, she had truly believed that Little Sixth Zheng's wound would produce a mutation. That's why she insisted on "disposing" of Little Sixth Zheng. It wasn't that she was intentionally targeting him.

It was only later, after undergoing the crown prince consort's "bullsh*t experiment," that she realized their new injuries wouldn't cause their bodies to mutate.

At that time, after the crown prince consort had cut her chin, she really was very scared and on edge for a full two hours. The terror and dismay in her heart had nearly surged to the breaking point.

In the end, however, the experiment proved that the crown prince consort was indeed correct.

She didn't mutate, and Little Sixth Zheng was still alright.

Why didn't their wounds produce a mutation like before? Wenren Ningjing was only innocent and unaffected, not dumb. She didn't know the reason, but she had a feeling that Qiao Mu did. However, from the looks of the stoic-faced crown prince consort's domineering and arrogant attitude, it didn't seem like she was someone who would kindly dispel her doubts.

"S-Sorry," Wenren Ningjing mumbled in a feeble voice. Afterwards, she made off at once to the next patient, basically not daring to see Little Sixth Zheng's reaction.

Little Sixth Zheng was slightly taken aback, and he promptly halted, turning to glance at Wenren Ningjing.

Wu Xiao'en, who was behind him, immediately muttered with his rotten mouth, "Tsk, think everything can blow over with just an apology! If it weren't for the crown prince consort's timely interference, these people would've taken your life."

Sixth Zheng cast Wu Xiao'en a glance. When he saw the two siblings Hui Fan and Hui Ling walking straight on over, he courteously nodded at them.

"Sixth Zheng." Hui Ling ran over, but then halted several steps away from Little Sixth Zheng. "I, I heard that you, you got wounded, are you alright?"

"My oh my, Hui Ling, why have you only just come to show your concern! What can happen to Sixth Young Master? Don't you see him healthy and active? However, Hui Ling, you've realized this too belatedly. By the time you remember worrying about Sixth Young Master, his corpse would probably have already turned cold."

Hui Ling flicked her finger, and a cold dagger shot towards the yammering Wu Xiao'en with a swish.

"You sleazy-mouthed man, who's talking to you!"

Sixth Zheng lifted up and flung the slightly plump youth.

Wu Xiao'en, that guy, almost crashed his head into the city wall, and he grimaced in such agitation that he turned around and protested while stomping his foot, "What are you doing..."

"Quickly look! Look! What is that?" The soldiers sprawling on the city wall suddenly started clamoring while pointing at the sky.

Everyone spontaneously looked up at the sky, and they saw an enormous flying mystic beast furiously charging towards the Qingluan that the crown prince and crown prince consort were on.

Chapter 815: Three-Eyed Zombie Hawk

"A mystic beast? It's a three-eyed hawk mystic beast!"

"It has ferocious attack power! It's the overlord of the sky, and the king among level-13 mystic beasts."

"No, that's not right! Look more closely! Which mystic beast looks this weird?"

"It's a three-eyed zombie hawk!"

"It's mutated—" Amidst everyone's cries of alarm, that three-eyed zombie hawk brandished its sharp and huge black claw at Mo Lian and Qiao Mu. It was very possible that it could tear someone's flesh apart with that claw.

"Shriek." Qingluan gave a cry as it parried the other's attack with its wing.

Even though the three-eyed zombie hawk was forced backwards in the air, it used this opportunity to accumulate power. It was only an instant before it gave a shrill cry and charged at Qingluan's head with its long and pointy beak.

By this time, its jet-black wings had already decomposed to the extent that there were only a few feathers left. Furthermore, when it flapped its wings, some bits of flesh would also fall from time to time.

Suddenly, it ferociously flapped its shedding wings, causing a fierce gale to violently blow.

“Get down!” On top of the city gate tower, Sixth Zheng grabbed Hui Ling’s shoulder in passing and slightly pressed her down. The two people then swiftly found a place to take cover.

All of a sudden, the fierce gale swirled up the dust on the ground, which seriously impeded the sight of the 5000 elite soldiers who were killing the zombies on the battlefield. The force from the wind also damaged the edge of the city wall, causing broken rock to rain down profusely onto the crowd.

Everyone helped shield each other as they scrambled to the ends of the wall in order to avoid the three-eyed zombie hawk’s next round of attacks.

Qiao Mu gazed icily at this brute that was running amok in the sky. With a light raise of her wrist, a circle of binding talismans surrounded the three-eyed zombie hawk, wrapping it ring upon ring to construct a talisman matrix.

Talisman energy flowed forth from the talismans, closely encircling that rampaging three-eyed zombie hawk in the center.

The three-eyed zombie hawk charged left and right against the talisman matrix while shrieking intermittently.

Afterwards, a green vine also shot out of Qiao Mu’s sleeve before it callously whipped the three-eyed zombie hawk.

The three-eyed zombie hawk got whipped so much that it plummeted uncontrollably, smashing into the zombie horde below.

After causing a boom, the three-eyed zombie hawk still kept struggling to fly up again, but it was hit by a sudden purple flame.

It was promptly set ablaze, also implicating a large part of the zombie horde.

The three-eyed zombie hawk floundered for a while in the billowing dust, but in the end, it was still burnt to ashes. Furthermore, the same was also the case for the zombies that had caught on fire during its struggle, as well. Without exception, their ashes were all blown away.

At this time, a huge quake came from the distance, accompanied by a dense cloud of billowing dust. While standing on Qingluan’s back from up above, Qiao Mu could see a white dot bounding over from around a kilometer away.

After giving a light harrumph, Mo Lian curved his lips. “He also came.”

By this time, Qiao Mu had also made out the newcomer’s silhouette. With just a sweep of its huge tail, the Seven-Tailed Heavenly Fox eradicated the surrounding zombies.

While standing on the Seven-Tailed Heavenly Fox's back, Duan Yue gave the pellet-sized firearm in his hand a toss before throwing it into the zombie horde.

Bang! While accompanied by crackling sounds, dense smoke, as well as the putrid smell of burning zombies, once again spouted out.

The Seven-Tailed Heavenly Fox suddenly jumped up and paddled twice in mid-air with its four limbs. It swiftly ran up to Qingluan, and the two humongous beasts came face to face.

"Why, Crown Prince Mo, you're actually totally uninjured!" Duan Yue stuck out his paw and gave it a shake. Yet before Mo Lian could rebut him, he turned his gaze to Qiao Mu. "Qiaoqiao! Don't be scared, okay. I've come to save you!"

Chapter 816: Saying Hello

"Ha ha." Mo Lian gave an ironic laugh. "Don't recklessly create more trouble, go play by yourself on the side."

Duan Yue merely cast him a gaze, *Hmph, ignoring him!* He then continued talking to Qiao Mu. "Qiaoqiao, these two days have worn you out, right. Look at how pale your face is. You can leave here to me and go back to rest."

Qiao Mu gazed at him. Or more precisely, she was gazing beneath him, at the Seven-Tailed Heavenly Fox that was as huge as a small mountain.

Duan Yue stroked the Seven-Tailed Heavenly Fox head and grinned at Qiao Mu. "Isn't our Chestnut very big and very cute? Come, Chestnut, say hello to Qiaoqiao."

The Seven-Tailed Heavenly Fox stuck out a big furry paw and waved it at her.

Without warning, Qiao Mu suddenly leapt over from Qingluan's back. Suspended in mid-air, she extended a small, fair hand and held one of the Seven-Tailed Heavenly Fox's toes, just like that.

Both Mo Lian and Duan Yue were stupefied.

T-This was? She really was shaking hands with Chestnut to say hello!

Crown Prince Mo only felt as if his heart had been struck by something.

Heavens, his darling was so cute. Any odd action of hers could spontaneously stir up ripples in his heart.

Duan Yue's handsome porcelain-white face was blushed red, and he suddenly covered his face with his hand.

Our dear Seven-Tailed Heavenly Fox had also turned stiff, not even knowing whether it should quickly retract its raised paw.

In front of the Seven-Tailed Heavenly Fox, the little lady was as small and weak as a flower.

The Seven-Tailed Heavenly Fox that was as huge as a lofty mountain could stomp her to death with a single toe.

This scene was too beautiful that everyone couldn't bear looking at it directly.

At some point in time, Sixth Zheng had stood up from the edge of the city wall. He gazed absentmindedly at the little lady in front of the huge, snow-white Seven-Tailed Heavenly Fox as he watched her lips slowly curving up into a faint smile.

Why did he have this strange feeling that the little lady shouldn't be wearing this icy stoic face? It was just like...

He had once seen her most gorgeous smile. *Wasn't this feeling too bizarre or what?*

Qingluan flapped its wings and screeched at its small companions inside Paradise Planet. "It's terrible! A bewitching vixen has come to snatch Masta away, Qiuqiu—Dottie—white snakelet—everyone, quickly come out and kill it!"

Unfortunately, it was silent inside Paradise Planet. At this time, no one could hop out and stomp this little Seven-Tailed Heavenly Fox vixen to death.

Qingluan flapped its wings and cried out in alarm, "Masta, Masta!"

It was truly terrified. *Why did it feel like Masta was going to get abducted by this d*mn fox?*

On the other end, the situation on the battlefield was brought under a great extent of control.

Mo Lian didn't need to trouble himself over the remaining clean-up, handing it all to Zhao Sheng and Hui Feng.

In the end, the fires outside Beilan City had to burn for a full night before all the filth was thoroughly expunged.

While Marquis Zhao and Commander Hui were eliminating the remnant zombie forces, Crown Prince Mo dispatched Xiao'ye with a team to inspect the abandoned villages near Beilan City.

Sure enough, they also discovered the traces of an underground village underneath a certain village.

However, the underground village had long been deserted, with everyone pulling out.

But judging by the traces left behind inside the burnt-down buildings, they could conclude that many zombies were corralled there not long ago.

This piece of information was undoubtedly shocking.

Xiao'ye and his team were worried that they might have overlooked something, so they inspected the vicinity for one day and night before returning to the city to report the details.

After Crown Prince Mo finished listening to this with an unreadable expression, he penned a personal order and arranged for it to be relayed to all the fortifications in the entire kingdom.

At present, they not only had to speed up securing water sources, but they also had to have all the various fortifications dispatch the city defense team to inspect the abandoned villages as soon as possible.

Chapter 817:

Benefactress, Do You Know Your Mistake

At this time, Qiao Mu was feeling a headache when she looked at that incessantly weeping little baldy of a child, and she feebly raised her hand to stroke his smooth head.

“Don’t cry.” Qiao Mu sighed, lifting him onto her legs. Following this, she patted his back gently. “You monks also know how to cry.”

“Monks are also people, and it is only natural for people who feel unhappy to cry!” The little monk childishly rebutted, “Benefactress, do you know your mistake?”

Qiao Mu’s mouth twitched. *What mistake should she know?*

“You promised my master that you would take care of me! But ever since entering the city, you tossed me inside a room and didn’t even come take a look.” The more he talked, the more the little baldy felt aggrieved, and he choked with sobs.

Qiao Mu was at her wit’s end, and she patted his head. “Fine, fine, alright, don’t cry anymore. I’ve been busy these two days!”

The little baldy bit his small sleeve and whimpered, “I’m nearly starving to death, Benefactress.”

“Call me Sister!” *What the hell were you calling Benefactress for?* Hearing it made her eyelid jerk...

The little baldy cried so fiercely that the heavens were trembling.

Qiao Mu held back her urge to flee out the door, and she took out a fresh and juicy peach from her inner world with a wave of her hand before stuffing it into his hands. “Okay, don’t cry. I’ll give this to you as compensation.”

The little baldy sobbed and sniffled as he hugged the peach, after which he looked up with his pair of misty eyes and pitifully asked, “Just one? It’s not filling enough.”

“What have you done during these past few days?” Qiao Mu rolled her eyes, and she took out two vegetarian dishes plus a bowl of rice from her food box. She asked, “Want to eat red braised pork?”

The little monk’s face flushed bright red, and he frantically shut his eyes, waving his hand as he hugged the peach. “Not eating, not eating, take it away, take it away!”

Qiao Mu jeered at him. “You little monk clearly aren’t free from human desires and passions[1]. I haven’t even taken it out, yet you don’t even dare look at it. If I really did take it out, you’d most likely pounce on it and gobble it up delightfully.”

“Benefactress, you must not say that!” The little monk glared in a huff at Qiao Mu with his pair of large and cute eyes.

“Don’t tell me that’s not the case! If meat doesn’t exist in your mind, then your eyes won’t see meat, and even if you do eat the meat, you’ll only be eating veggies. If meat exists in your mind, then you’ll treat even daikon as meat!” Qiao Mu brusquely picked up a piece of daikon with her chopsticks and stuffed it into the little monk’s mouth, preventing him from trying to defend himself.

“What? By not eating these two days, were you preparing to go on a hunger strike?”

“That is not so. The vegetarian dishes they make are not to this young monk’s liking at all!” Gulping down a mouthful of daikon, the little monk was so incensed that his face was scarlet. “Benefactress, it is improper of males and females to make physical contact, so you must not carry me again!”

Crown Prince Mo just so coincidentally heard this sentence when he walked inside, and with a flash of his figure, he lifted up that little fellow.

The little monk flailed his soft limbs, struggling his hardest to get down to the floor, and his round and black eyes glared indignantly at Mo Lian.

“This benefactor, you’re too rough! Quickly set down this young monk, or else you will regret it.”

“Oh? Why don’t you tell me how I will regret it?” Mo Lian pressed his lips into a thin line as he cast the little monk an indifferent glance.

The little monk’s round eyes bulged in indignation. “This young monk wants to pee!”

“Pfft...” Qiao Mu was amused to laughter by this big and small duo.

Mo Lian turned to look at her, his phoenix eyes instantly lighting up.

On account of the little monk amusing Qiaoqiao into laughing, he wouldn’t bicker with him.

Mo Lian released his hold, but then he saw the little monk scamper to Qiao Mu, saying, “Benefactress, bring me to pee.”

Mo Lian wanted to smack this brat to death with a single slap...

The smile that had surfaced onto Qiao Mu’s lips instantly stiffened.

Chapter 818: Don’t Want You

Mo Lian pressed his lips into a thin line, and in his displeasure, he went to pick up the little monk. “I’ll bring you.”

“No way, no way. You’re such a bully that I can’t pee when facing you!” The little baldy kicked his stubby legs as he rebuffed him in a huff.

Yet Mo Lian only sniggered in annoyance. “Don’t worry, feel free to pee boldly and without worry. I’m not interested in watching you.”

“Don’t want you, don’t want you! I want Benefactress, Benefactress, wuwuwu.” The little monk sobbed so pitifully that even Duan Yue, who had just stepped through the door, couldn’t help being stunned upon seeing this situation.

With a lightning move of his hand, Duan Yue successfully snatched over the little monk from Mo Lian’s grasp as he cast him a glance with a faint smirk. “Look at how mature you are, you’re even bullying a child.”

Mo Lian rolled his eyes at him. “You came at just the right time, he’s all yours! Bring him to go relieve himself.”

Duan Yue was stupefied, looking down at the kicking little monk. He then glanced at the deadpan Mo Lian, thinking: *Could he still toss this hot potato back?*

“Benefactress.” The little monk also gazed at Duan Yue disdainfully. “Don’t want you! I only want Benefactress.”

“Call me Sister.” Qiao Mu irritably knocked on his smooth head before bringing him outside.

“Where did this oddball little monk come from?” Duan Yue speechlessly watched the two people leave before peering at Mo Lian. “Hey, when are we setting out?”

“It’s not like we’re leaving together.”

“Whatever do you mean?” Crossing his arms, Duan Yue cast him a glance and smirked in schadenfreude. “Qiaoqiao said that we’ll leave together!”

Mo Lian: ...

Seeing this guy’s smug look made him annoyed.

Meanwhile, after Qiao Mu finished attending to the little monk, she headed back with the child.

When she passed by the city gate, she just so happened to see Wenren Ningjing treating people at a stall.

Wenren Ningjing had just finished treating a patient, and she saw Qiao Mu passing by when she looked up. She then turned her small face aside with a taut expression, not really willing to greet this person.

“Hey.” Qiao Mu walked up to Wenren Ningjing with the little baldy. Kong Roumiao, who was standing beside Wenren Ningjing, promptly lifted her chin like a rooster, vigilant and ready for battle.

“What do you want now? We’re assisting with the rescue at the moment, s-so we don’t have time to deal with you!” Kong Roumiao barked threateningly even though, at heart, she was cowardly.

“Here, for you.” The little stoic couldn’t be bothered with Kong Roumiao and directly tossed a box of ointment at Wenren Ningjing.

“Apply it once in the morning and once at night, and the scar will disappear in a day.” After she was done speaking, she picked up the little baldy and turned around to leave without waiting for Wenren Ningjing’s reaction.

Kong Roumiao was so incensed that her small face distorted, and she grabbed the box of ointment that was half the size of her palm, wanting to throw it away.

“Wait.” Wenren Ningjing stopped her and took that ointment box from her. She opened it and took a whiff, after which her expression turned baffled in astonishment.

“What is it?” Kong Roumiao curiously inquired.

“This is superior grade medicine. It smells even more pure than what my master can produce.” Wenren Ningjing subconsciously reached up to touch the faint mark on her chin.

“Impossible,” Kong Roumiao angrily asserted. “Maybe she tampered with this medicine, wanting to disfigure you.”

Wenren Ningjing shook her head. “She wouldn’t.”

“You’re so sure?”

“As such a proud person, she would feel it beneath her dignity to do that.”

“Benefactress, it goes without saying that gifting medicine is a good deed. But if you don’t verbalize your good intention, how would other people understand you?” The little monk couldn’t help asking.

“Why do I need other people’s understanding?”

“Sigh, I truly fret over you.” The little monk sighed like an old man.

Qiao Mu couldn’t help but find this funny, and she reached out to stroke his bald head. “We’re going home now, to celebrate New Year’s.”

Chapter 819: Differential Treatment

Ever since she went to Holy Water Sect to cultivate, seven to eight years had already passed where she hadn’t spent New Year’s at home.

That’s why this year, she had promised her mother that she would spend New Year’s at home no matter what.

Hence, after their group finished dealing with Beilan City’s aftermath, they hurriedly rushed back to the Mo Kingdom capital.

Fortunately, it only took a day to travel between the two cities, so after leaving early in the morning, they set foot in the capital by the time it was five in the evening.

For this battle against the zombies at Beilan City, Marquis Zhao had made preparations. All the soldiers who took part in the battle wore specially-made armor that could effectively defend against the zombie’s clawing.

Therefore, it was considered an excellent outcome that there were only a dozen battle casualties.

After comforting and compensating the families of the soldiers killed in battle, Marquis Zhao and Hui Feng’s two teams entered the capital. After hastily bidding farewell to the crown prince, they each went back to report to the king and the queen.

While leading a small group of people, Mo Lian, Duan Yue, and Qiao Mu slowed down their horses upon entering the city.

Sixth Zheng, Wu Xiao’en, and company also urged their horses forward to bid their farewells.

Even so, Mo Lian felt a bit vexed upon looking at this Sixth Young Master Zheng, particularly when he saw the latter staring fixedly at his darling before cupping his hands and saying softly, “Many thanks to Miss for coming to my rescue. We will bid farewell here. Should an opportunity arise in the future, I will certainly return the favor.”

He was quite distressed, looking at this Sixth Zheng.

After nodding at Sixth Zheng, Qiao Mu even told him to take care.

Even Duan Yue could discern something odd from the little fellow's bizarre attitude.

But this truly was too strange. According to Duan Yue's understanding of the little fellow, this little stoic would basically be standoffish toward strangers.

*What deity was this Sixth Zheng? How come the little fellow inexplicably took a liking to him? It couldn't be that green smoke was rising from his ancestral grave[1]**, right!*

Duan Yue was green with envy as he peered at Sixth Zheng's back silhouette before he secretly shifted his gaze to Mo Lian to feel out the situation.

Duan Yue: *What's going on?*

Mo Lian: *Humph!* He pridefully turned his head aside.

Before this, when Second Young Master Dou brought the people from Celestial Medicine Valley over to bid their farewell, Miss Qiao very obviously didn't even spare that Second Young Master Dou a single glimpse, not even from out of the corner of her eye.

So she disliked Second Dou? Duan Yue winked at Mo Lian. Speaking of which, exactly how many stories did he miss during the few days he wasn't there? Ah, he was itching to know!

Celestial Medicine Valley naturally had a branch hall inside the Mo Kingdom capital. Before finally departing with the people from Celestial Medicine Valley, Second Young Master Dou hesitated, glancing at Qiao Mu

Second Dou felt super skeptical on the inside. He kept feeling that the crown prince consort bore animosity against him deep within her eyes. But why? The crown prince consort could even turn a blind eye to Junior Sister Wenren, with whom she had a quibble, and treat her as a passerby, but why only towards him?...

"Qiaoqiao, how did the Dou Family's Second Young Master offend you?" Duan Yue inquired curiously.

He had heard a bit about the Dou Family's Second Young Master. He was brimming with talent and was extraordinarily handsome. He resided in Celestial Medicine Valley year-round, and his acupuncture technique was quite exceptional, as well.

How come this modest, refined, and elegant young sir wasn't to Qiaoqiao's liking? Truly an oddball of a little lady.

"He's surnamed Dou."

"Uh..." *The reason she turned her nose up at him was his surname?*

How wronged was this Second Young Master Dou? Yet Duan Yue revealed an enormous smile on his face. "That's correct, those with the surname Dou really aren't good people."

Mo Lian gave him a speechless look. *Where were his principles? It wasn't so good to throw his principles out to the dogs for their meal every day, right.*

"Qiaoqiao, actually, Sixth Zheng isn't much of a good person, either." Duan Yue continued with his defamation. "Did you know? He's from the Zheng Family."

Chapter 820: Oddball Dad

Qiao Mu was taken aback, and she turned to look at Duan Yue.

Duan Yue quickly clarified, "It's exactly that Zheng Family, the Zheng Family you dislike. Sixth Zheng is Consort Zheng's nephew. Speaking of which, we're enemies with him, so don't get too close to him. It'll be very troublesome if you have connections with the Zheng Family."

So Little Sixth was actually from Consort Zheng's family. She had never learned of this in her past life.

Ever since Little Sixth joined their team, he had never divulged his surname. He merely referred to himself as Little Sixth, hence she was totally unaware...

"Ah, speaking of which, there's one thing you both definitely don't know." Duan Yue held the reins with one hand as he pivoted his head to look at them with a grin. "That Consort Zheng! Before you both left, wasn't she just stripped of her title as noble consort and demoted to a common consort?"

"What happened with her again?" Mo Lian and Qiao Mu asked in unison.

"Hehe, on the night before last, when I left the capital to find you guys, the king personally released her from Sophora Flower Palace." Duan Yue peered at Mo Lian with a chuckle. "Say, your dad really is too funny! After just demoting her, he promoted her again in less than half a month. He even wantonly bestowed the Zheng Estate with a lot of gifts. I reckon that your mom is definitely quite angry at the moment."

At his words, Mo Lian glared coldly at Duan Yue.

Yet Duan Yue only scratched his nose before helplessly spreading his hands. "I'm merely judging the matter as it stands. Just remember not to call her Consort Zheng in the future, since the king has promoted her back to noble consort."

"Oh, apparently, it seems that Noble Consort Zheng is with child again. Your dad was ecstatic, that's why he not only lifted her house arrest order but also promoted her back again."

Qiao Mu was startled, and she turned her lips up into a sneer. "She's pregnant?"

Duan Yue could sense that there was something off with Darling Qiao's smile, but he didn't ask about it. "Darling, look, she's come out again, making you unhappy. What do you say we do something about her?"

"What do you mean by 'we'! 'Darling' isn't a nickname you can randomly call." Mo Lian gave him a look that told him to scram away. He urged his horse forward and took over Qiao Mu's reins. "Qiaoqiao, don't ponder over these upsetting matters. I'll first send you home."

"Right right, first go home, first go home and then we'll go back." Duan Yue also clamored hastily.

Qiao Mu nodded. She was indeed a bit tired from busying about these past few days, so she was going to rest up well after getting home.

As for Noble Consort Zheng, she'll let her be for now.

In any case, State Uncle Zheng had already presented to Noble Consort Zheng the specially-made beautifying pill that he purchased at an astronomical price. She'll just wait until Noble Consort Zheng had consumed it for some time, then she'll show her.

Qiao Mu, Mo Lian, and Duan Yue turned onto Minshun Boulevard, but a carriage obstructing the intersection forced them to stop after several meters.

A young lady had been carried out of the carriage, and two maidservants frantically massaged her temples while incessantly crying out, "Miss, Miss."

With Qiao Mu in between them, Duan Yue lifted an eyebrow and tossed Mo Lian a "did you incur this" gaze.

Mo Lian irritably rolled his eyes at him.

After looking back at the scene, they saw that someone had breathlessly dragged an old doctor over willy-nilly.

Soon afterwards, the trio dismounted their horses before handing over the reins to their retainers.

Qiao Mu didn't put on any airs, so she had no issue with walking since the marquis's estate was close by.

Meanwhile, after that old doctor squatted down and started administering acupuncture, the miss's limbs suddenly started convulsing, her face contorting in extreme pain.